

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

In 4-D.

By MARGA COWLES.
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TENANT in apartment Four D, Marbridge Court, whispering vociferously Nathan, the young man who worked the switchboard at Carter & Carter's real estate office. The young man listened to the voice on the telephone, then turning to the young Mr. Carter, he said: "She wants to talk to one of the firm. King D. said, I should say, want to talk to her, Mr. Carter?"

"What's the like?" queried the youngest member of the firm.

"Sounds like a cranky old school master," said Nathan.

"Oh, well, I might as well talk to her," said Nathan. "I'll tell her a little and maybe that will keep her quiet," and still turning over the papers on his desk with his right hand, Mr. Carter reached out with his left hand to take the receiver off its hook on his desk phone while the operator connected him with the tenant of apartment Four D.

"No, young fellow," said Nathan, "I don't think the name—Miss Crosby is certainly a sorry. But you'll have to see Mr. Hoover about that. Now, you don't think we're keeping that apartment cold just to make you mad. No, honest, there isn't any way we can get more coal. What—the theatre get coal enough. Well, that's a good one. All you can do, then, is to go to a show. It's matinee day. Now, really I didn't mean to make you angry. But you see every one is kicking and it really isn't our fault. We can't get any more coal and all we can do is to try and keep cheerful about it. What? You get that it isn't so cold here in our office as it is in your apartment? Well, now, Miss Crosby, I'll have to admit that it is pretty comfortable here. We've got a south-east exposure and we're on the ground floor and somehow these office buildings people do manage to get the coal. Yes, it is unfair. What? Why, certainly, I'd be glad to see you. Come right along. Yes, just ask for Mr. Carter, Jr. Frank Carter. Good-bye, Miss Crosby. I'll see you soon." He hung the receiver back on the hook and then clasped his hand over the ear with which he had been listening as if to relieve it from the effect of the volley fire that had been charged on it through the phone.

"Wow," he said, addressing the telephone operator on the opposite side of the room, beyond the little wooden fence. "Wow, but she certainly is some sour old maid. I thought I'd kick her into good humor, but it was the wrong way. I wonder if she'll call my bluff and come down and see how warm we are. But say, Nathan, try to get the coal commissioner on the wire again. It's a shame to run the fires so low. Ask them if they can't let me speak to him personally. It seems as if something ought to be done."

A half hour later young Carter heard a very low but unmistakable whistle. It was Nathan's way of indicating that something worth observing was occurring in the office. There was a note of admiration in the whistle—distinctly it was his way of signalling to the other boys in the office and Mr. Carter, who was still young enough to be interested in such a signal even though he was a member of the firm—the proximity of a pretty girl.

Carter looked up from his paper, caught the direction of Nathan's gaze and then whistled an answering whistle, very low, but still audible to Nathan. It was a pretty girl and she was approaching the vicinity of Nathan. Enveloped in a voluminous fur-trimmed rough woolen coat of a dark violet blue, with her hands encased in a black mitt to match the fur on her coat, with a picturesque black velvet hat, cut on the poke bonnet order, that cast much shadow on her face, there was still enough opportunity to see that the girl beneath so much warmth giving clothes was young, animated and pretty.

The bewildered Nathan looked up as she approached and to her query that Carter did not hear he nodded to the desk of the youngest member of the firm. Then the violet coat and the delicate aroma of violet sachet that went with it moved toward the little wooden fence that hedged in Mr. Carter's desk.

"Here I am," said the girl. "I'm the tenant in Four D, Marbridge Court. Where do you want me to sit—inside the fence or outside?"

Carter jumped from his seat and was so confused that all he could say was: "Inside the fence—please take this chair, any chair, any chair. Yes,

TODAY'S
POEM
By Edmund Vance Cooke

I'M FOR AMERICA!

I'm for America! America's for me!
Not because her acres reach from sea to sounding sea,
Not because of grace of place, or pride of pedigree,
Not because of gold or gear, or militant decree,
But oh! it's in America the mind of man is free,
So I am for America and America's for me.

I'm for America, America's for me!
I'm for America, America's for me!
And if there's no America, then where would Freedom flee?
So I am for America and America's for me.

(Copyright, 1918, N. E. A.)

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indeed. You are actually Miss Crosby? How very good of you."

"No, I won't take your chair. I'll take this little one," she said, slipping out of her coat and revealing a very neatly fitted plain blue serge dress beneath. She placed the chair precisely half way between the radiator and the window where the light would come over her left shoulder. "There," she said. "I like it just like that. I shall knit and not disturb you at all. Please sit down, Mr. Carter. You can't imagine what a pleasure it is to be warm."

Carter noted a tone of asperity in the girl's voice but he did not feel in the least irritated by it. He tried to swing himself around in his swivel chair so that he could go on with the work before him, but the chair seemed to swing of its own accord around again so that he sat looking at his guest.

"So—so you took my invitation seriously, did you? I'm glad." He laughed with embarrassment, and the girl opened two blue eyes wide and round, with studied naivety, behind which Carter knew lay much sarcasm. "Why, didn't you mean that you wanted me to come?" she asked. "You first suggested the theatre, but you see, I've been at the theatre till I've seen every show in town and very movie in the neighborhood. And I simply must get these army sweaters done." Carter noticed that she had taken a half finished khaki sweater from her bag.

Even to his inexperienced eyes the knitting seemed wonderfully firm, warm and compact and he noted the gold ends of the knitting needles.

"I've called on all my friends. You see I don't know many people in town, and I've shopped till I've bought a trunkful of things I don't need. I've spent hours in church and other hours in the museum and the public libraries. So your invitation was very welcome. Perhaps if I had always lived in the North I could stand the first winter north. I come with my aunt and now she has gone away for a few weeks and I'm alone. One feels the cold more when one is alone. I think." Then promising not to disturb Mr. Carter any more she continued her knitting in silence. From time to time when Mr. Carter felt that her eyes were intent on her knitting he swung around in his swivel chair and caught a timid glance at the girl. Sometimes he noticed the graceful ankles, at other times the slender capable hands that were so neatly framed in the tight white lace cuffs of her dark sleeves. At other times he noticed the glint of auburn in her hair and then again the long curve of the dark lashes that shaded her blue eyes. He did not know that from beneath those long lashes the blue eyes were perfectly capable of observing his stolen glances though the graceful fingers went on uninterruptedly with the needles and wool.

"Couldn't you give me a job?" Nancy Crosby put this question to Mr. Carter one day after she had been making her visits to his office for the purpose of keeping warm during the course of an entire week. "I am getting tired of knitting. One can't do that all the time. I could do copying for you and sort over papers perhaps and stick up envelopes and stamps and things."

So Mr. Carter secured a little mahogany desk, had it placed beside his own and there established Nancy Crosby as his volunteer assistant. They had finally agreed that the money that she earned as the assistant should be contributed to the Red Cross.

It was in the afternoon of that day

that Mr. Carter dropped in at the Marbridge Court and getting the emergency key to apartment Four B. from the janitor there let himself into the empty apartment and did a little amateur tinkering on his own account. That morning through his innocent efforts a goodly supply of coal had been deposited in the coal bins of the Marbridge Court.

Nancy Crosby continued to work for him for a week more. He asked her one day whether her apartment was still cold. "Yes," she said. "It really is dreadful. There isn't any steam in the living room radiator, though the bedroom radiators are all right. But you see I can't stay there in the day time. Isn't it strange for the other tenants are perfectly comfortable now."

"Yes, it is funny," agreed Carter, and began to read a lease on his desk with eagerness.

At the end of that week Nancy's aunt was expected to return and Nancy had indicated that she would have to give up her job.

"I took it just to be spiteful. In fact, I came down to bother you, just to make you furious. I thought you were holding off the steam so as to save money and I intended to find out and to make you so tired of seeing me around that you would get the coal at any cost. But really I have had a lovely time. Thank you for making it so pleasant. But now that aunt is coming back I really wish something could be done about that apartment."

"I'll go up myself," Carter promised. "Maybe something is the matter with the living room radiator. I'll have it attended to at once. But—but—we aren't going to forget each other now, are we? You see, I've been getting terribly interested in you, though I suppose to you I'm an impossible sort of fellow."

"Impossible!" echoed Nancy. "You don't suppose I would have fibbed about the radiator if I hadn't wanted an excuse to be with you. I haven't even noticed whether it was hot or cold."

"You haven't," gasped Carter. "And I put the valve out of commission in your living room."

Worthington

Back to the Old Home. James T. Taggart, a former resident of Worthington, but who removed to Clarksville several months ago, will return to Worthington about the first of April and occupy his Main street residence. He is a carpenter and will work for the Consolidation Coal company.

Preaching Services. Rev. B. E. Haines, pastor of the Central Christian church of Marietta, Ohio, will preach at the local Christian church Sunday evening, March 31. An effort is being made to have him locate in Marion county, and all are cordially invited to come and hear him on that date.

Cutting the Trees. As a health conservation matter the town authorities are having the trees and other growth along the river bank removed in order that the sun may shine in and destroy the disease germs that are supposed to lurk in such places.

Term Closed. The Wednesday evening meeting of the Choral Society was the last of the present term of lessons given by Prof. W. D. Barrington, instructor. The society has not yet determined when the next term will begin.

Pers-naks. Sheriff A. M. Glover was an official visitor here on Wednesday. We understand he secured some important evidence in the Jones case.

Mrs. Wesley Work of Kingmont, was visiting friends here on Wednesday.

Isaac McIntire was a business visitor in Fairmont on Wednesday.

Harry D. Martin, of Monongah, was a business visitor here on Thursday.

W. L. Hyre, of Hutchinson, was transacting business here on Wednesday.

Mrs. Charles E. Stewart, of Enter-wood.

Save Fuel Wheat & Sugar

BEST OF CORN FOODS

—says Bobbie

Osgood's
for
Quality

The Smart Style Show

SUITS and COATS
Is Still the Feature Event of the WeekBeautiful Suits
\$19.75 to \$65.00

An extreme large selection ready for your choosing in every new style, model and color. Stout suits ready. Sizes 42½ to 52½.

Handsome Coats
\$12.50 to \$60.00

Very easy to select the coat you want from this showing. Just the style and color you want is here. Stout Coats ready. Sizes 42½ to 55.

Easter Dresses and Blouses
That Easter Dress

For every purpose, church, afternoon or informal wear, you'll find just the thing you want, all so very new and pretty and priced exceedingly low. \$10.00, \$15.00, \$20.00, \$25.00, \$29.75 and Upwards.

The New Easter Blouses

Oforgette, Crepe de Chine, Organdie and Voile, White, Flesh and all the new light shades. Many, many styles to select from, at all prices.

Skirts

of silk, serge and poplin, beautiful styles and all colors,
\$5 to \$25

Gloves

Kid-Fabric and Silk Gloves, new shades as well as black and white.
\$1 to \$3.50

Hosiery

Silk and Lisle in light colors and black and white,
50c to \$2.00

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

"Suppose you paraphrased that famous speech of Pricilla's when John Alden proposed for his friend Miles Standish, and make 'speak for yourself, John, into 'speak for yourself, Mollie.' I said to her with a grin when she rather intimated that I was not quite the sedate old married woman I would make myself out to be. Then I continued more soberly, 'Mollie dear, I don't think we have been any more popular than any other women who are frankly pleased and usually friendly with the men they meet.'"

"Most men try to make love to most women in the place and circumstances are propitious. I remember Paula telling me of an episode in her life before she married Jeff."

"It seems she had accepted an invitation to an after-theater supper with a crowd of gay people one evening. The man who sat on her right she had never met before, but he was very agreeable and she congratulated herself that she was seated beside such a witty and apparently clever man of the world."

"When, in the small hours of the morning it came time for the party to break up, she asked someone to call her a taxi. The man most courteously said my car is at the door and my way to my club is directly past your hotel, may I not put you down there?"

"She accepted the invitation in the same spirit it was apparently given. But what was her surprise, to find the moment the car began to move that the man knew her quickly to him and kissed her."

"Of course, she was very indignant and after ridiculing herself from his audacity and moving away from him as far as she could on the roamy motor seat, she demanded, 'Did you do that, Mr. ———, because you knew I am an actress and can be gratifiedly insulted?'"

"Why, my dear girl," answered the man, in great surprise. "I really meant no insult at all. That little exhibition of preference is a compliment. I pay to every woman with whom I find myself alone. Some accept it quite in the same spirit it is given, and others misunderstand; do as you have done, but I love the whole act. And that I have done my duty and what is expected of me as a chivalrous man."

"We both laughed and then Mollie said, 'I wonder if the time will ever come when you will lose some of that innocent optimism which makes you believe that about any woman will accept that sort of any attack.'"

tion he may deign to give her."

"Why, do you know, Margie, I have seen men of from forty to sixty years old with scanty hair, pendulous chins, abdomens like bay windows, hands that look dropical, bad teeth and wrinkled clothes, ogle a pretty young girl that is less than twenty and who in her dainty beauty looks like a fragrant flower?"

"Yes, Mollie," I interrupted, "when I see a man like that I always want to lead him to a mirror and point out all those defects you have mentioned and then ask him how he has the audacity to think he can for a moment inspire anything but disgust in the lovely bit of youthful femininity he admires."

"And, Margie," Mollie continued, "that very man would be the first to poke fun at a woman who had grown fat and wrinkled and yet seemed to think she was a charmer. Indeed, all the newspaper wits in the country have taken a shot at her, but you notice they leave the man alone."

"However, I did not come here to philosophize on the conceit of man. I have come to be congratulated. Chad and I and baby are going for a long sea trip."

My face fell for I know I should miss Mollie more than almost anyone else in the trying days before me. I took myself to task for a selfish woman and congratulated her.

"Tell me all about it, Mollie," I said.

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM TOOK NO CHANCES.)—BY ALLMAN.

